

Two Hours Traffic

"Girl Up The Stairs"

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There's a girl up the stairs,
Green eyes and lemon hair,
I wonder if there's something there.

She keeps her clothes on the floor,
A padlock on her door,
It keeps out all of the bad people.

I wonder if there's something I could wear,
To make her think that I was all that.

Late at night she'll pass my door,
Continue passed my floor,
I'm hoping for something more.

There's a park at the end of four street,
Where she runs and goes to read,
Behind all the highway sign and underneath all the
concrete.

But I can't tell the ways she feels,
Just by looking.

Might give her the key to my apartment,
Hell, I might even offer to pay her rent,
That'd be alright.

(OoooOooOooOooOoo, OoooOooOooOooOoo,
OoooOooOooOooOoo)

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